EATING RAOUL, if you don't know from reading about the movie by Paul Bartel and Dick Blackburn, is a story about Paul and Mary Bland, a couple from Hollywood who scheme to buy their own restaurant by luring sex perverts into their home and splattering their brains with a frying pan so they can rob them. It works well for the couple since sex perverts carry loads of money and have no family or friends to come looking for them.

But, like all perfect crimes, there is a snag and this one is Raoul, a locksmith who gets wise to their scheme and cuts himself in on the deal by taking the bodies and selling them to a dog food company. He also cuts himself in on Paul Bland's wife, Mary, and she has to make a decision between the two.

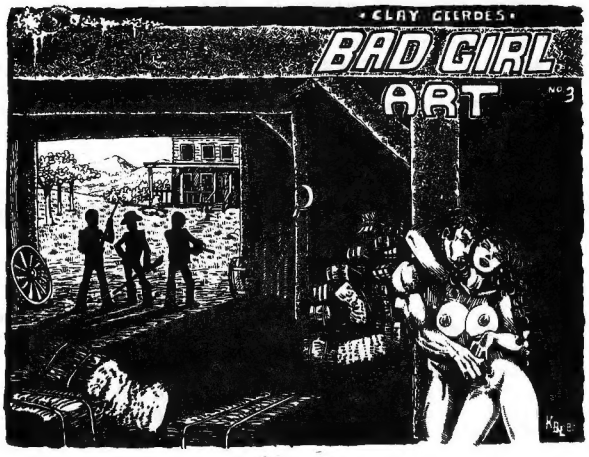
This is the screenplay that was adapted by Kim Deitch and drawn by him, Carol Lay, Warren Greenwood, Rich Chidlaw, and Shawn Kerri for the recent underground release by Mercury Film Distributors.

The humor in this story is based on the variety and baseness of sex perverts that populate L. A. Everything from a cowboy with a great dane to a Minnie Mouse freak. While this is mildly humorous, it wears thin quickly.

The image of "Sickopaths" having their brains bashed in and bodily remains fed to dogs certainly reaches into the Sweeney Todd type of black humor but leaves me cold as to what our culture finds amusing these days. Pain and suffering have always been used in mirth but to be successful the story must have a hero with whom the audience can identify, a sympathetic character. EATING RAOUL has none. Deitch and the other artists do a professional job on the artwork, but it is not enough to carry one's interest through to the end, so instead of getting a few laughs, RAOUL only emphasizes the sort of base low-life style one often encounters in the city but would rather forget.

-DAVID MILLER, 12-2-82

COMIX WORLD 211. Dec. 15, 1982. ©
Clay Geerdes, Box 7081, Berkeley, CA 94707. All Rights Reserved.
Logo by R. C. Harvey. (Harv has 3 Minis out with CW: KITTY LITTER, COMIC STRIP, and HOW TO DRAW A WONDER GIRL. All feature the character in the logo). Latest mini is SCAM 1 (8 pages of how to survive in the street). 50¢/stamp from CW. Subs to CW are $6 a year, $11 for 48.* BAD GIRL ART 3 has a cover by Kevin Eastman. Like most of the newave zines, the cover has nothing to do with the internal contents, but you'll like all the pin-up art. It's been suggested that we get out of scrapbook-style zines and more into stories, well, I'm for that, but somebody has to draw them, so what say guys? More stories in '83? At center is Kevin's cover for BABYFAT 30. BABYFAT is our little mag of illustrated weird news items and it will be monthly in '83 so there is plenty of room--check your local papers and make panels out of all that weirdness. And, yes, I will use some strips in CW in '83, so let me see what you've got out there. Expect '83 will be the big year for Newave Comix. Got a lot of new Bob Vojtko material coming up--thanks Bob.* 1982 was not a good year for undergrounds. Lots of people are lamenting the upcoming closing of the head shops (Dec 31, 1982), but is that where the buyer goes for his funnybooks? I don't think so. It may be the outlet some publishers have for their stock, but if this is the case, they will have to hustle new outlets or drop out of the biz. Prices are really high. The first ZAP was two bits; the new one (#10) is $2.50). Ugs for the most part are not tapping the new generation--I remember this summer seeing Gilbert Shelton at a signing and he was surrounded by eight-year-olds who were ardent fans of Freak Bros and the Cat. -Clay Geerdes.

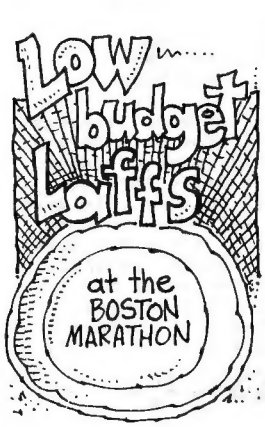


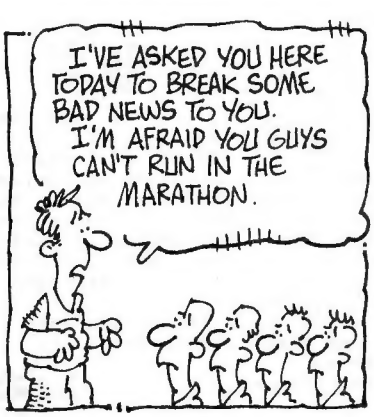
IT'S THOSE HORRIBLE NEIGHBORS OF OURS AGAIN COMPLAINING ABOUT OUR RECORD PLAYER BEING ON TOO LOUD
LOOK YOU CAN SEE THEM STARING AT US IN THE WINDOW
©MARK BEYER '82.

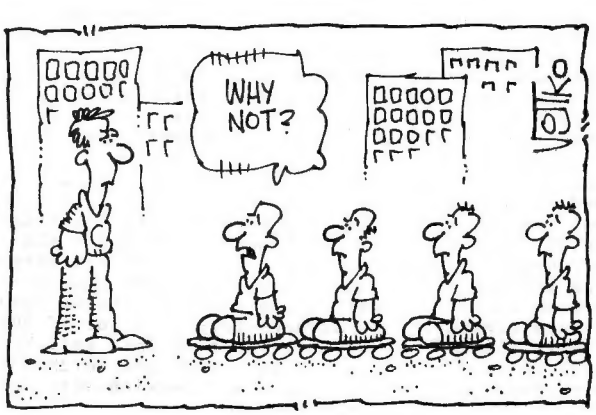
Dead Stories

Contrary to its title, Dead Stories is very much alive. This incredible anthology of depression chronicles is one of the most innovative books I've seen in some time. One wonders what goes on in the twisted mind of author/artist Mark Beyer--"a male Aline Kominsky," as Clay so aptly refers to him--but one cannot fault him for these stories ground out from a hard kernel of pain. His style is weird, flat, childish-without-being-amateur, and oh so refreshingly different. His stories reek with negativism, death, gore, alienation, despair--a jaded but often accurate perception of the world we live in, carried to extremes. Dead Stories is very strange and very wonderful. A sure-fire cure for optimism!

-Diane Schutz







EDIE is the story of Edie Sedgwick Post told through the voices of people who knew her. This unique book gives a lot of interesting insights into the 1960s, particularly into the lives of the rich hippies who hung around Andy Warhol's "Factory" in New York. Edie, a junkie from her teens, was one of these. Lots of inside dope on dylan, Warhol, and other trendies. Below is a paragraph from the book, showing Edie knew what to read when she was mellowing out in one of the many mental hospitals she attended during her short life. C.G.

MICHAEL POST I'd just gotten in. The first day. The nurse said, "This is your room and this is your roommate, blah, blah, blah." It was about ten-thirty in the morning. I lay down on the bed, put my hands behind my head, and was just about to take a deep breath and go *Ahhhh*, when Edie came in. She was wearing one of those white cloth things that they make you wear for X-rays. She came in smoking a cigarette—this horrible, raspy cough—and she looked as light as a feather . . . like she was walking on air . . . and she sort of came down and lighted on one side of the bed. She held my wrist. I thought, "Oh. wow, this chick really looks like she's been through the war! The *war*." She said, "I'm Edie Sedgwick." "My goodness," I thought, "this sure is a friendly hospital." I said I'd read something about her in the paper not too long before . . . about her father being a sculptor. We went on like that . . . just kind of small talk, really. Down the hall she was in a private room, alone. She walked me down there. Two beds. She had so much junk strewn over the other bed—shoeboxes full of photographs, letters, stuffed animals, drawings, cosmetics, clothing, cigarettes, comic books. *ZAP* comic books. Have you ever read *ZAP* comic books? Oh, God! And *Mr. Natural*.

from Jean Snow's EDIE. ©1982.

In a letter from Jay Kennedy producer of the recent UNDERGROUND PRICE Guide, he expressed a wish that the ugs would attain a wider audience so that more of them could be published. Why haven't the undergrounds gotten a wider reading audience? They've certainly been around long enough. I can offer several plausible reasons: 1) underground comix were written off by the establishment media as a fad. A fad gets a single hit in the media and that's it. In 1975, I put together an article and submitted it to PLAYBOY. It was rejected on the basis that PLAYBOY had already dealt with the subject (the Brackman article in 1969). What PLAYBOY was telling me was that ug comix were all washed up by 1969! About the same time, I submitted a book proposal to Ballantine Books. This was rejected with the argument that the subject matter was not something Ballantine wanted on their trade list. St. Martin's Press ultimately turned thumbs down on Keith Green's ZAP anthology project for the same reason. No way. Those straight publishers were not going to make that irreverent art available to a book club readership. Not only were the ug comix considered a fad of the sixties, but they were a part of a subcultural movement which was adamantly anti-establishment, the same establishment they are now playing ball with; indeed, trying to get into.

2) The people involved in underground comix did not have business training. Most of them had no idea the comix would amount to much. The Print Mint was a poster outlet. Don Schenker considered himself a poet. Alice Schenkor was interested in importing European posters. The Schenkors and their partners, Bob and Peggy Rita, printed some of the early Joel Beck and Crumb comix because they were there. None of them set out to get into the comic business. There was no advertising campaign. When the ZAPS sold fairly well, they continued to publish them and the other ugs that came to them. Artists who were dealing with the Print Mint soon learned that they would be just as well off doing the books and making the money themselves. Shelton and his Texas buddies formed their own company, Rip Off Press, in 1969. Denis Kitchen took his comix and went back to Wisconsin to form Kitchen Sink Enterprises. Ron Turner, who formed Last Gasp Eco-Funnies, fell into the business by accident. He was working at the Ecology Center in Berkeley and became involved in putting together a comic that would teach the facts about ecology and survival to children. Gary Arlington came up with the title SLOW DEATH for the comic and most of the ug artists then on the scene contributed a page or more to the book. Ron learned how to publish comix and soon other people, many who had been rejected by the ZAP cartoonists, came to him with their stories. Ron agreed to help the IT AIN'T ME BABE commune in Berkeley get out a promo comic for their newspaper. This was IT AIN'T ME BABE COMIX. Irons, Jaxon, and Sheridan, and some others saw possibilities for doing some E-C style stories in SLOW DEATH and they approached Ron about continuing the title. He did and with the second issue of SLOW DEATH FUNNIES, he began to realize that he was in the comix business. So be it.

At this time, it wasn't necessary to do much advertising or promotion for the comix. They got it all free via the ug papers. Everything Crumb did was rerun in hundreds of papers around the country. Shelton started doing his Freak Brothers pages in 1968 for the Los Angeles FREE PRESS. They were re-run hundreds of times. Who needed to run ads or to court publicity? It came to your doorstep. Someone was always hanging out at Rip Off Press and writing bits about the comix.

But there were other artists, and though many of them produced enormous quantities of fine work all through the seventies, they were virtually ignored by the press. Whenever there was a story about underground comix, it was usually about Crumb or Shelton. Where were the stories about Jaxon, Larry Todd, Larry Welz, David Sheridan, Fred Schrier, George Metzger? You see, the press had written off ug comix as a fad, so it was almost impossible to interest them in anything having to do with underground comix and the artists who drew them were just shit out of luck. Oh, not within certain circles, but in the mainstream.

I saw what was happening very early in the game and I knew that if any of these people were going to survive, they would have to have publicity. I used to get into arguments with artists who would say they wanted their art to stand on its own, to say it all for them, but to that I would say that art would never get a chance to say anything if nobody ever saw it and noone was going to see it if it wasn't publicized and it wasn't going to be publicized unless someone like me did it. How many people over the years have published a book and had it sitting in their garage or basement unsold? Publication often becomes the easiest part of the business. gettin your book distributed, advertised, and sold are the toughies. And how do you sell something that is considered by the majority culture to be clandestine or quasi-illegal?

Undergrounds had the problem of being undergrounds. They were adult comix. In the time period when they came into being, there was no such thing as an adult comic. I mean, what the hell was an adult comic? To a kid, it meant sex, so the kid would want one, but he had to get his dad or someone to buy it for him. Why would an adult want to read a comic, any comic? Comics were for kids. I always got a laugh out of that. Adults certainly read the comics when they were in the newspapers. What happened between the time they were in the Sunday Section and the time they were reprinted in reduced form in the BORMS? Fact is, many people felt comics were a low form, a debased form, degrading to anyone--trash! A lot of the older people still feel that way, but now they know those comics are worth MONEY so you find them speaking with forked tongues about comics.

In the 60s, ugs got their start, but it was the 70s that saw the development of the ugs and the expansion. The comix became a business and those involved had to learn to be businessmen. Problem is, they were still hippies and their gut reaction to business was negative. This cost them a lot. The artists still can't deal with it. They just want to draw it and have someone else take care of everything else. But this means taking the peanuts because it is ultimately the publisher who makes the lion's share. Well, he does most of the work; all the artist does is draw. But without that art, there would be no business; ah, but without that business, no one would ever see that art--you see how complicated it all becomes?

Clearly, in a capitalist society, it is the artist-businessman who prospers and the artist per se who is ex-Ploited. If you're into art as a business, it has to be demystified and dealt with accordingly. You have to become accustomed to viewing your art as a product to be sold on the market. Can't be sentimental. So many demons for so many dollars. Ah, you don't like that? You want art to exist in a special realm, to be something other than a box of cereal--well, good luck. Those who have failed to reconcile the problem of art and money are no longer in the game. And, hell, no, I don't like it. I would like to see art as an integral part of the community, not a business dependent upon the whims of a faddist public. I do comix because it's fun. I don't get any pleasure out of some stranger reading something I've done. What I enjoy is the laughter of my friends, the look in their eyes when they see the point of one of my cartoons. I'm sure this is true of all of us who draw funny pictures. I hate the business of art. Going in some strange store and trying to convince a store manager that my little magazine is worth carrying is a drag to me. It's like applying for a job. You always hate the person interviewing you. What does he know about you? What does he care? Nothing on both counts.

This is why you never see certain artists at the Cons. They hate it. At a con, art is a commodity. It is bought and sold and traded. Autographs are valued for the extra money they mean to the owner of the book. The artist is a piece of meat on display, a target for a lot of meaningless questions. He suffers. She suffers. Those who do well at the Con trip are the fast artists, those who can whip out a drawing in a few seconds. Aragones is always perfect at a Con, because it is his medium. The anatomy guys who like to do elaborate pencils, revisions, and slow inks are lost at cons. The fans have long gone by the time they finish a drawing. Cons are always for the quick. The same is true of the panels. The glib talkers may not be the top artists, but it is their rap you'll hear again and again. A great many fine artists are introverted people, not at ease in large crowds; when they do attend conventions, they suffer. -C.G

". . . Are you aware how many newavers are also musicians of some sort or another? Marc Myers has tapes of music by Miller and friends and a tape of Roldo and Billy. Walt Lockley, Jim Ryan and James Vukos are all into music to one degree or another. Brent Braineater has a punk band and also had another band, I Braineater named after him."

-Clark Dissmeyer

Clark and Marc also play guitars & have about forty hours of tape. C.G.